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WEATHER FOR TO-DAY.—Generally fair; stationary temperature.

NO INSULT AT HONOLULU.

The report of Rear Admiral Beardslee upon the observance of the Fourth of July at Honolulu seems to dispose pretty effectually of the theory that the failure of the Japanese merchant vessels at that port to dress ship on our national holiday was a deliberate affront to the United States, for which the Japanese authorities were to blame. The Admiral says:

The Fourth of July, being not only the anniversary of our own Independence, but also the third anniversary of the establishment of the republic of Hawaii, mutual notifications to that effect and invitations to participate in the observance of the day were exchanged between the Hawaiian Government and myself. The same courtesy was extended by both parties to the Japanese ship Naniwa.

A compromise became necessary, and the matter was thus arranged. We all participated in the games, races and illuminated boat processions, which were in order on the 2d, and on the 5th the ships were full-dressed at sunrise, with the United States and Hawaiian ensigns side by side at the main, the former to starboard, except on the Naniwa, where the Hawaiian was to starboard, and at noon two salutes of twenty-one guns each were fired by each ship and the shore battery.

The Naniwa was the only official representative of Japan in the harbor of Honolulu on the Fourth. It is evident that her conduct was scrupulously correct. What merchant vessels may do is a matter of no international significance. They generally do as they please. If we considered ourselves insulted every time a trading craft failed to dress ship on the Fourth of July we should find insults enough in the North River to embroil us with very maritime power on the globe. It is only war ships that are expected to pay attention to the niceties of etiquette in the matter of salutes and decorations. It is gratifying to know that the Japanese at Honolulu neither displayed an unpleasant spirit toward us nor impaired their own reputation as the best-mannered people in the world.

KANSAS CROPS AND POLITICS.

The same old story comes from Kansas. Three successive days of blazing sunlight and scorching winds from the South, withering every plant or shrub in their path, have begun the destruction of the corn crop. In some parts of the State the farmers are cutting their corn to use for fodder, in others it is beyond the possibility of even this mode of utilization. Happily the wheat crop is harvested, but this is one of the lesser agricultural products of Kansas, and is grown almost exclusively in the more prosperous eastern counties. Corn is the great resource of the State, and its destruction will mean another year of pinching penury for the Kansans.

The success of the Kansas wheat crop has been widely celebrated by many of our able Republican contemporaries as the initial triumph of the McKinley Administration, and an unanswerable reason why all effort to re-establish the Democratic party in power should cease. We regret that we cannot draw a political lesson from the failure of the corn crop, but it seems to us merely to indicate that some portions of Kansas are unfit for agriculture, and that Eastern men who have lent money on farming lands there will be mighty lucky to get any of it back—even in "fifty-cent dollars."

EDUCATION AND WAGES.

Education is the true advance agent of prosperity.—Morning Paper.

But the Bishop of Nebraska said it was the advance agent of anarchy, and a professor in Columbia University pronounces it a most dangerous thing to disseminate generally among the lower classes.

But, passing over for the moment this clash of distinguished authorities, does it follow that the reason for the alleged fact that the rate of wages in Massachusetts, in every occupation, is the highest in the United States, is because "Massachusetts gives each of her inhabitants seven years' schooling of 200 days each, while the average for the United States is four and three-tenths years of 200 days each?"

The persons who are enjoying this schooling are not the ones who are earning the wages—that is one point to consider in connection with this theory. But more. In twenty-four States of this Union the percentage of illiteracy among the white citizens of ten years of age or more is less than it is in Massachusetts. If education is the key to high wages, how comes it that the comparatively illiterate working people of Massachusetts are better paid than those of Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado or Illinois, among whom, according to the United States census, education is more widely disseminated.

If the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics is correct in its assertion that wages are higher there than anywhere else in the United States, which is an extremely violent assumption, the fact must be explained on some other hypothesis than that superior education has made the Massachusetts man a superior wage-earner. In comparison to the workers of poor, popocratic Colorado, Kansas or Nebraska, the Massachusetts workmen are a sad lot of illiterates.

THE COST OF CIVILIZATION.

Japan is beginning to realize the cost of glory. The illuminations, the processions and the shouting are over and the bills are beginning to come in. Just as the novelty of being hailed as one of the great powers of the world begins to pall on the Japanese mind the price that must be paid for this complimentary recognition forces itself on the Japanese attention. Probably the people have not yet begun to question their complete attitude under the new regime, and indeed the real sufferers are those who, in a country like Japan, are largely destitute of means for public expression of opinion. The capitalistic class finds its profits in the changed conditions, and doubtless in Japan, as in some other countries, the public opinion which makes itself heard is chiefly the opinion of that class.

An American shipbuilder, who finds large profit in the growing zest for navy building in the United States, has just returned from Europe bearing great tidings of the activity of foreign ship yards in the construction of Japanese war ships. England, Germany and France, he reports, are contributing to the development of Japanese sea power—of course for a consideration. In five years Japan will be superior to the United States on the ocean. Happy Japanese! How fortunate for them the day when, with their easy defeat of the undisciplined regiments of the Emperor of China, their dream of military glory first approached realization.

But the other side of the story comes from Japan. Its Government is disturbed by a depleted treasury. All expenditures have been greatly increased since the war. The indemnity exacted from China has been left in Europe to pay for new vessels, thus preparing the way for a new

war. All reserve funds in the treasury are exhausted and new taxes must be levied. In brief, Japan is paying almost literally the price of glory which Sydney Smith described to Brother Jonathan eighty years ago. From the schoolboys' taxed out to the dying man's taxed medicine in a taxed spoon, Japan is experiencing all the burdens of civilization.

The philosopher who wrote of "The Evil of Civilization; Its Cause and Cure," might well study the case of Japan. If he can find that any benefits have accrued to the masses of that cheerful and lovable people from their admission to the great family of civilized nations, except compulsory military service, added taxes, the gold standard, and ready-made trousers in place of their picturesque national dress, his discovery will be a useful contribution to the literature of national progress.

THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER.

It has often been remarked that there is no Summer resort equal to the Borough of Manhattan, but this truth has seldom been so strikingly confirmed as just now. From all points of the compass New Yorkers who have sought rest and comfort at the conventional rural places of recreation have been streaming homeward, intent upon reaching the one spot where heat is endurable, cool weather agreeable, rain a matter of no consequence, and the absence of mosquitoes something more than the flight of a landlord's fancy.

The ordinary Summer resort is planned for a permanently cloudless sky, with an unvarying temperature of about 75 degrees. Its habits are always pictorially represented as swinging in hammocks, clad in organdies and yachting flannels, disporting in the surf or lounging on the sand in fetching bathing suits. But the artists who draw these pictures ignore the fact that it sometimes rains by the seashore and in the woods, that the mercury in the thermometer travels over a wide range, and that the mosquitoes and other insect visitors on the free lists of the Summer hotels outnumber the paying guests. The sand does not suggest indolent luxury with the thermometer at either 100 or 50; there is nothing more melancholy than life in a Summer resort hotel, on a rainy day, and the insect population makes it impossible for even courtship to secure the undivided attention of two people in a hammock under the trees.

To the New Yorker the weather is merely an incident. The appliances of civilization make him superior to its vicissitudes. He can amuse himself, rain or shine, and at half the expense required to exist at a watering place he can keep himself comfortable, hot or cold. And he has no haunting terror of mosquitoes. The plague that ravages all the rest of the land passes him by. No wonder that the errant New Yorkers, emerging from the holes into which the floods of the past two weeks have driven them into the withering sunshine of the dog days, and pursued by hordes of mosquitoes as merciless as sharks, are scorching desperately for home.

NEW YORK IN BASEBALL.

The past month has not been one of as unqualified prosperity for New York, from a baseball point of view, as the local enthusiasts expected it to be when it began, but the record has been very fair. The Giants have made none of those brilliant leaps ahead in July that they made in June. The clubs that were ahead of them a month ago are ahead of them still. But they have made some relative progress. All of the four leading clubs have lost ground, as compared with those in the rear, but New York, although lower in percentage, is nearer the head than she was on the first of July. Although the rank of the Giants on the first of August was only .603, as against .823 a month previously, the gap between them and the leaders had been cut down from 118 to 97 points. Yesterday's victory at Brooklyn, taken in conjunction with the defeat of Boston at Washington, narrows that space considerably. New York still has a hard row to hoe, and must do a good deal better work in the next two months than she has done yet, if she expects to sport the pennant over the Polo Grounds next season, but the thing is not impossible.

NATURE'S UNCONQUERED DOMAIN.

It is fashionable nowadays to assume that the waste places of the earth are conquered, and that there are no longer opportunities for danger and tragic romance.

Such an incident as this seems to belong back in the days before the railroad linked the West to the East.

A New York banker and his wife visiting their son, who had gone to the dry Southwest to recover the health denied him by the humidity of his home, are lost on the desert. They drive back and forward over the arid plain seeking water which they do not find. One of the denizens of the desert—like another Leather Stocking—passing seeks strange traces in the sand. He follows the wagon tracks, and their wavering, crossing way makes it plain to him, who knows the desert, that somebody is lost and in danger. So he trails the wagon until he finds it, but too late to save the banker, who dies of thirst; the wife is rescued.

That is exactly what happened last week. The capitalist was Mr. Garrett E. Anderson, a familiar figure in money circles of this city. His death occurred near Phoenix, Ariz., just as has been described.

The desert, like the sea, has not been tamed, and such a tragedy as this only reminds that the dangers of distant travel are only veneered with safety.

In his desire to do something substantial for the cause of sound money last November, Captain Hatfield killed a West Virginia election officer and became involved in a controversy with the authorities of that State. He was in jail awaiting the result of the litigation over his Election Day escapade, but became tired of the tedious delay of the law and has taken his departure for unknown parts. Captain Hatfield is accompanied by his ride and an intention to kill any man who attempts to capture him.

One of Her Majesty's ships has been cruising about the Solomon Islands for several weeks past punishing the natives who were supposed to be guilty of the murder of Captain Gibbons. Six villages were burned by the representatives of this great Christian nation and a great many hostages received. England doesn't want an arbitration treaty with the Solomon Islands.

The Indian Sochalexis was a good baseball player until he filled up on whiskey and went off the Cleveland reservation. If he keeps up his present gait he will soon be nothing more consequential than a good Indian.

The anarchistic citizens of Indianapolis, the home of Hon. Benjamin Harrison, are actually going to appeal that case against the street railway corporation which is seeking to circumvent the law of the State.

It looks as if the police might have their hands full taking care of the vice which exists without going to the pains and expense of creating it.

Tom Platt has hammered away at the "original McKi ally man" stock until it is no longer given serious consideration by investors.

Doubtless Mr. Depew will find bicycle riding much more congenial than his recent seat on the McKinley hand wagon.

It will be observed from the talk of our English friends that it all depends on who is doing the annexing.

Garden Party for the Hobarts.

VICE-PRESIDENT and Mrs. Hobart will leave Newport at 8:20 o'clock this morning for Lake Champlain, where they will join President McKinley and Mrs. McKinley at Bluff Point.

The Hobarts have had a royal time in the city by the sea. The Four Hundred has laid itself out to entertain them, and the result has been a continuous round of pleasure.

Lispenard Stewart, whom Mr. and Mrs. Hobart have been visiting at White Lodge, has done himself proud. He is always an admirable host, but on this occasion he seems to have broken his record.

But Lispenard has not been alone in his efforts to make the stay of the Vice-President in Newport agreeable. He has had eager and valuable assistance from Mr. and Mrs. Calvin S. Brice, Chauncey M. Depew and James J. Van Allen.

The garden party that the Brices gave at Beaulieu yesterday afternoon in honor of the Hobarts was the talk of society. One who has never seen Beaulieu from the Brices entertain can form little idea of the splendor of their hospitality.

The spacious grounds that surround the villa that has grown too small for its owner, William Waldorf Astor, were dotted with marquees and var-colored small tents, while the lawns were strewn with Oriental rugs and every room in the superb mansion was decorated for the occasion.

Mrs. Brice and Mrs. Hobart received in the grand salon. The former was gowned in pale yellow brocade trimmed with lace. The latter wore black and white brocade. The costumes of the women as a whole were gorgeous.

Two orchestras were in attendance and while I don't care for a bare string of names ordinarily, the following list of those present is worth publishing:

Lispenard Stewart, Chauncey M. Depew, Governor and Mrs. Eliza Dyer, Mrs. Astor, Mr. and Mrs. L. Townsend Burden, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Belmont, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Sherman, Miss Spaulding, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Mortimer, A. Miller Ury, Mrs. Van Buren, Mr. and Mrs. J. Van Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Sheldon, Mrs. C. H. Baldwin, John Jacob Astor, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Burden, Dr. Russell Bellamy, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel, Colonel E. De Vaux Morell, Miss Dilgert, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Miss Fair, Mr. and Mrs. Hollis Hunnewell, Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman, Mr. J. Fred Pierson, Miss Pierson, Miss C. O. Jones, Mrs. Charles M. Oelrichs, Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Sheldon, Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Center Hitchcock, Harry Eldridge, Miss Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Brooks and Miss Brooks.

Last night Wakehurst was ablaze with light and resounding with merriment.

Its master, James J. Van Allen, was entertaining the Vice-President and Mrs. Hobart at dinner, and when the doors of Wakehurst are thrown open its hospitality is second to none.

The company was of necessity much smaller than that which attended the garden party at Beaulieu, but the personnel was practically the same at both entertainments.

It will take Newport at least nine days to forget the visit of Vice-President and Mrs. Hobart, and that is as long as it remembers anything that is not scandalous.

Life at Newport has been made more tolerable for the women that are summering there by the arrival of Rawlie Cottenet, Willie Tiffany and James DeWolf Cutting. Willie is a benedict, but the other two are bachelors, and Cutting is a strapping fellow and as handsome as a red hankie with gaffs.

Rawlie isn't so much of a game bird, but his domestic tastes and gentle nature endear him to all womankind.

J. Stevens Uiman (always with one I) has never been up for membership in the Reading Room at Newport.

I make this statement on information that I believe to be entirely trustworthy, and in order that Mr. Uiman (with one I) may not be confounded with that Mr. Uiman (with two I's) who is said to have met with marked disapproval of the chappies as to have been "pilled" at Newport's prize club.

There is an "I" of difference between Uiman and Uiman.

Arthur Kemp and his pretty bride, who was "Baby Belle" Nelson, had an exasperating experience with a horseless carriage the other day.

They had got well out on the ten-mile drive when something happened to the motor of the vehicle that utterly defied Mr. Kemp's most intelligent investigation to discover what it was.

They were stalled, and for a time it looked as though they would have to trudge back to their cottage.

Just as they were despairing a Newport cabby drove in sight and "held up" Kemp for all the money he had with him. The latter protested vigorously against such extortion, but cabby was obdurate.

He said that he had no sympathy with a man that would ride in a horseless carriage and that Mr. and Mrs. Kemp had the choice of walking or paying his price.

Of course Kemp paid in the end, but it destroyed his admiration for the automobile carriage.

The other afternoon I saw Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Boudouine driving on Belvedere avenue, Newport.

There was a time when Boudouine held the high and mighty place of the Tandem Club's presidency, a position so admirably and decorously filled at present by Tommy Suffering Talley. Each Spring and Fall he led the tandem parades, and he led them well, for there are few better whips than he.

Then there was a row with his wife, and a divorce and then a re-marriage with the divorced wife of Caspar Whitney, and there you are.

What the deuce Boudouine should come to Newport, where he certainly could have had no hope for recognition, is more than I can understand.

Stanley Mortimer has gone in for polo with renewed energy. He has bought a number of new ponies and will be in the front rank of players for the rest of the season.

Like all chappies with curly hair, Stanley is a hard man to down when he becomes thoroughly aroused.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Ernesto Eggeri on the birth of a daughter.

The fifth generation of the Vanderbilts, counting from the old Commodore, is manifesting itself numerously.

Mrs. James Abernethy Burden, Jr., Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. Ernesto G. Fabbri, the Duchess of Marlborough—and all in one year!

What other family can point to so proud a record?

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER

CROOKED CLAW, THE PAWNEE, TALKS OF CHANCES.

HERE is an aboriginal view of the doctrine of chances. The story is told by a member of the late Cleveland Cabinet. "It was forty years ago," said this raconteur, "when I first came to Nebraska. Being on one occasion near an encampment of Pawnees, and having often heard of a celebrated fighting man of that tribe called Crooked Claw, I rode over to the Pawnees to call on him. I found him smoking a red clay pipe in front of his teepee. His left hand was cleft up from an old wound until it looked like a half-closed claw of some great bird. It was from this he got his name. The old fellow, when I saw him, was evidently not far from sixty years. Nor was he loath to talk.

"I hear you're a great fighter," I said. "Who did you fight with?" "No fight white man," he replied; "fight Sioux." "Kill any?" I asked.

"Kill heap Sioux," responded my host, puffing his kinnikinnick. "So many." Here he indicated fourteen by opening and closing his fingers.

"At this crisis he laid down his pipe and went into his teepee. In a moment he reappeared with the fourteen Sioux scalps nicely braided into a bunch like bananas and spread them about on the ground. I fingered the coarse hair; none of them was fresh. The heads that had worn them were dead and buried many a day. I called his attention to it.

"No kill Sioux for long time," vouchsafed Crooked Claw.

"Why not?" I inquired, "aren't you on fighting terms with the Sioux?"

"Thereupon Crooked Claw sat down to smoke again and entered into a long and involved explanation. His broken English, freely rendered, would be like this:

"Crooked Claw, it seems, was a careful savage. He let the young bucks fight the Sioux. The chances had grown too great for him.

"Crooked Claw set forth eloquently that at first when he killed his number one, the chances were even; when he feloniously assaulted number two the chances were two to one against him; with number three, the odds against Crooked Claw were three to one, and he had to be very, very, discreet. These chances against him, he went on, multiplied and grew with each added Sioux he killed until now they were fourteen to one.

"These, my copper-colored entertainer insisted, were very powerful odds indeed, and any thoughtful Indian would hesitate to take them. Were he now to tackle his fifteenth Sioux it would be fifteen to one in the odds that he himself would be killed.

"Therefore, concluded Crooked Claw, he had now turned over the tribal carnage very much to his young men. He always went with them, and usually hovered about the suburbs of the battle in order to give them the benefit of his generalship and war wisdom, but he never tried to make any personal collections of scalps unless, to put it colloquially, the case appeared a sure thing and the Sioux stood no show whatever. In such event Crooked Claw still held himself ready to spill the blood of the tribal enemy.

"This very lucid and to him satisfactory explanation by old Crooked Claw as to why he had practically retired from the scalp business was deeply listened to by divers other Pawnees, who appeared to entirely endorse his theory of chances.

Hola! Hola! Senor Gilberto.

JACK FOLLANSBEE is altogether too modest a gentleman to tell of his own exploits or even to refer to them.

His friends, however, are not so reticent, and one of these, Harry Stull, who paints good horses and owns bad ones, tells a story which tends to show that Jack Follansbee's nerve is as admirable as his manners are irreproachable.

Somewhere in Mexico Follansbee owns a large cattle ranch, and it is his habit to spend a part of each year on the other side of the Rio Grande.

Whenever the Senor Gilberto—for the Mexicans prefer to call Mr. John Gilbert Follansbee by his middle name—puts in an appearance at his ranch the news is carried from Greaser to Greaser until the whole neighborhood is aware of his presence.

Then follows a grand round up and the company approaches within shouting distance and cries in chorus: "Hola! Hola! Senor Gilberto!"

When the Senor Gilberto appears and signifies that it is his pleasure to see them they advance and pay their respects.

According to Stull, who is nothing if not veracious, this excessive formality is due to a rather tragic incident.

One night, when Follansbee was first gaining experience of his Mexican ranch, he was awakened by the noise of some one trying to force an entrance to his sleeping apartment.

He knew the thieving instinct of the Greaser and realized that speedy action on his part was necessary. He crept quietly out of bed and reaching down a shotgun blazed away with both barrels right through the door.

There was a howl of rage and pain, and then a great scuffling of feet, as though some one were being dragged away.

The next morning a trail of blood showed where the robbers had disappeared in the woods and there it was lost, but ever afterward no Mexican could be induced to come within gunshot of Follansbee's ranch without first stopping and shouting at the top of his voice:

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